His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell?
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses,
Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shee's at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was to hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So do I euer, being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe. *Aside*
Catsf. Madam his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Riu. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt. manet Rich.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeede haue laid in darkenesse:
I do beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

Namely to Hastings, Darby, B
And say it is the Queene, and h
That stirre the King against th
Now they beleeue me, and with
To be reuengde on Riuers, Va
But then I sigh, and with a pie
Tell them that God bids vs do
And thus I cloath my naked vi
With old odde ends, stolne ou
And seeme a Saint, when most
But soft, here comes my execut
How now, my hardie stout reso
Are you now going to dispatc
Execu. We are, my Lord, and
That we may be admitted wh
Glo. It was well thought vpo
When you haue done, repaire t
But sirs, be sudden in the execu
Withall, obdurate, do not hear
For Clarence is well spoken, an
May moue your hearts to pitti
Exec. Tush, feare not, my Lo
Talkers are no good doers, be a
We come to vse our hands, and
Glo. Your eies drop milstones
I like you lads, about your busi

Enter Clare

Bro. Why lookes your grace
Clar. Oh, I haue past a misera
So su'l of vgly sights, of gastly d
That as I am a Christian faithfu
I would not spend another suc
Though t'were to buy a world
So su'l of dismall terror was the
Bro. What was your dreame
Cla. Me thoughts I was imb
And in my companie my brot
Who from my cabin tempte